THE
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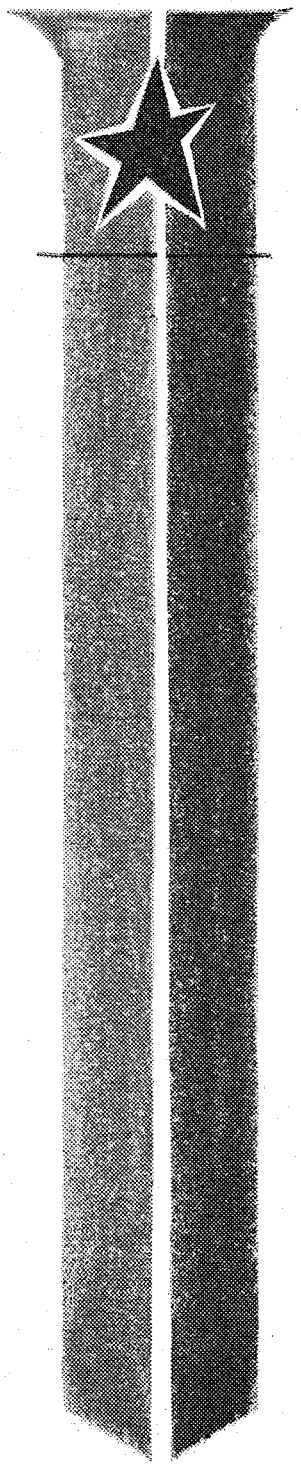

ELECTORAL COLLEGE

Facts and Fallacies

Ted Lewis

THE BRAIN CURTAIN

Why America Distrusts Its Intellectuals

Michael Novak

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

A Story by J. F. Powers

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LETTERS

Grateful Survivor

Dear Sirs: To have been on *The Nation's* slate of endorsed Congressional candidates [Oct. 29 issue] is a distinct honor. I value my association with other House and Senate members for whom you asked active support in the recent campaign.

Although I survived a vicious smear campaign, I am grieved that so many of my good friends and staunch liberal Congressmen suffered defeat. It is a big loss at a critical time.

As a reader of *The Nation* since youth, I want to take this opportunity to commend the management and the staff for the contribution the magazine has made to liberal thought and social progress in the United States.

GEORGE M. RHODES
Member of Congress
14th Dist., Pa.

Washington, D.C.

Religion Helped

Dear Sirs: In connection with my article, "Why Kennedy Won," which appeared on November 26 in *The Nation*, your readers may be interested to know of the election forecast made by my students in the course of a lecture series on "The Sociology of American Politics" which I gave during the August-September Seminar on American Studies held at Salzburg, Austria. During my final lecture, I had one of my students forecast the election on the basis of two assumptions: (1) that the popular vote would most likely divide about 50-50, and (2) that the religious issue would have about the same influence in the different states as I showed for 1928 (the Alfred Smith campaign) in my book, *How to Predict Elections*. On the basis of assumption (1) alone, we concluded Kennedy would lose; but when we added assumption (2), we predicted Kennedy would win with 312 electoral votes.

Close enough?

LOUIS H. BEAN

Arlington, Va.

Disservice to Psychotherapy

Dear Sirs: Dr. Victor W. Sidel's article "Medical Ethics and the Cold War" in your October 29 issue is a clear and courageous analysis of the very sticky business of medical confidentiality. For some years now I have been practicing psychotherapy in conjunction with my medical practice. When the story that the Maryland psychiatrist had revealed confidential material about his patients first broke into the press here, many patients raised the question with me about the security of the material that they were confiding in me. I assured them, with full sincerity, that I would sooner go to jail than violate their confidence. I was also able to assure them that my records contained nothing that might subsequently embarrass them. Nevertheless, I have noticed a slight degree of reserve on the part of some patients. The Maryland psychiatrist has certainly performed a distinct disservice to his profession, without adding to the security and strength of our country. Dr. Sidel is right when he warns us that in medicine "we must be ever watchful that we do not sacrifice what is precious in our society in our attempt to defend it."

MURRAY ABOWITZ, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Guesses Welcome

Dear Sirs: I note that Postmaster Summerfield is wooing the Finns with a commemorative stamp depicting General von Mannerheim. Query: What per cent of the Finns will be pleased?

HARRIET W. PATTERSON

Rochester, N.Y.

Error in Chronology

Dear Sirs: There is only one considerable error in Clayton Barbeau's article on the recent San Francisco peace walk and rally [Nov. 26 issue]. Ben Seaver and Ross Flanagan of The American Friends Service Committee did not "add" their "comments" to Robert Pickus' speech; both preceded Pickus on the platform, and Ross Flanagan was the principal speaker.

MALVINA REYNOLDS

Berkeley, Calif.

Support for Dissent

Dear Sirs: More than thirty American artists, writers and intellectuals have sent a letter of support to the signers in France of the "Declaration on the Right to Insubordination in the Algerian War" [the "Manifesto of the 121": see *The Nation*, Nov. 26, "Revolt of the French Intellectuals"—Ed.]. The letter affirms that the right of dissent in certain circumstances is basic to the democratic tradition.

Signers include, among others, Pulitzer Prize poets Stanley Kunitz, Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro and Richard Wilbur; editors and critics Philip Rahv, Meyer Schapiro, Barney Rosset, and Harold Rosenberg; novelists Norman Mailer and James T. Farrell; artists Robert Motherwell, Morris Graves and Richard Lippold; sociologist C. Wright Mills and cultural historian Lewis Mumford.

For further information, write to Night Letter Committee, 124 E. 70th Street, New York City, N.Y.

NIGHT LETTER COMMITTEE

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

National Goals

The report of the President's Commission on National Goals has been received by the press with yawns, incredulity and apprehensions that the program so laboriously outlined might cost money. Most of the editorial reaction tells more about the press than about the commission and its work. Great intellectual achievements do not issue from commissions and only juvenile cynicism calls attention to a fact so well known. Even if a committee of Pascals, Montesquieus, Lockes and Jeffersons could be got together, the best that could be expected is a few significant ideas floating in a sea of generalities. For a heterogeneous group of college presidents, industrialists, labor leaders and bankers—despite the inclusion of several contemporary minds of the first order—the production of even a few sparks of incisive good sense merits the thanks of the community. If the newspapers had misgivings, they should have expressed them when the commission was appointed, not after it had put in its considerable aggregate of man-hours on an essentially thankless task.

Those who read the report, rather than relying on the brief news abstracts which the press furnishes in whatever space is left between sports, homicide and advertising, will be rewarded in quite a few places. The remarks on race relations, education, the humanities, the right of dissent, mental illness and social security, to mention only a few areas of discussion, sum up the views of most enlightened Americans. In a world as complex and perplexing as ours, and with memories as short as they are, this is no small service. Nor is the report uncritical of some of our faults. "Thus far," it says, "television has failed to use its facilities adequately for educational and cultural purposes, and reform in its performance is urgent." Most, if not all, of the television networks supported the indictment by totally ignoring the report.

The danger implicit in all such reports lies not in their failure to produce seminal ideas clothed in deathless prose, but in the tendency of the commentators to over-stress the shibboleths which appeal to their particular interests and predilections. Where the report exhorts us to be strong, to maintain our military alliances, cost what it may, to be ever on guard against the Communist menace, it will receive general approval and its recommendations will be followed. But where it speaks of disarmament and the menace of nuclear war, of poverty and national strength through the welfare of the people, it will be widely ignored. Where it asks for disbursements for arms, no word of criticism will be heard, but when it comes to disbursements for hospitals and schools, the taxpayer will suddenly find a horde of journalists on his side. This selective honoring in the breach is the principal objection to the production of well-intentioned generalities at a President's behest.

What Is News?

On the basis of information unearthed by Dr. Ronald Hilton on a visit to Guatemala, *The Nation* asked editorially in its November 19 issue: "Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?" In the December 3 issue two editorials, "Peace Patrol" and "A Black Day — If We Are Found Out," were devoted to the troubled situation in the Caribbean. The second of these contained further material on warlike preparations against Cuba in Guatemala; it likewise came from responsible sources and had not been published elsewhere. The great metropolitan dailies and the press associations remained oblivious. When the *Gazette and Daily* of York, Pa., queried the Associated Press, the answer was that the story seemed "thin" and did not justify retelling on the A.P. wire.

But when the U.S. press is indicted for partisanship or mistaken patriotism leading to suppression of news, there are usually exceptions; in this case, notably the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The *Post-Dispatch* flew a staff correspondent, Richard Dudman, to the area. Mr. Dudman visited both Nicaragua and Guatemala. Neither country, he reported, had accumulated any solid evidence to support its widely publicized charges of an imminent Cuban invasion.

And what about Dr. Hilton's revelation, as reported in the Nov. 19 *Nation*, of stories current in Guatemala that the CIA was training Cuban guerrillas at a secret base there? Mr. Dudman found that there does exist a secret, 1,200-foot airstrip cut out of the Guatemalan jungle fifteen miles from the nearest paved road. He described the airstrip and the barracks for 500 men as a "remarkable engineering job." He found a Guatemalan civilian who said that many of the soldiers at the base

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speak with a Cuban accent; he also found an English-speaking soldier who said that reports about the field were "Communist propaganda."

On all of this, the *Post-Dispatch* had sharp editorial comment:

> What is going on in Guatemala? Who is trying to conceal what, and for what purpose? Why should Richard Dudman . . . have to go to neighboring El Salvador to send a dispatch to this newspaper about what he found in Guatemala? And why should it be necessary for him to write from El Salvador that he could relate only "some" of the truth?

Meanwhile, a U.S. naval task force consisting of an aircraft carrier, five destroyers and some land-based aircraft continues to guard the Caribbean coast against the threat of a Cuban invasion which even the supposed victims, Guatemala and Nicaragua, can't prove exists. To the *Post-Dispatch's* editorial queries, we would add two of our own: (1) How much is that naval task force costing us — in money and in prestige among the peoples of Latin America? and (2) Is it really beyond the power of the U.S. press to discover who is fomenting this Caribbean crisis — Castro, or the United States?

Dr. Adenauer's Multiple Personality

Dr. Morton Prince, who studied multiple personality early in the century, never had the good fortune to meet Dr. Konrad Adenauer. The Chancellor's recent maneuvers would have convinced the eminent psychopathologist that multiple personality, far from being a defect or handicap, may be the politician's greatest asset, especially if the politician is Dr. Adenauer. Who would have expected, a few months ago, to hear Dr. Adenauer having a kind word for Mr. Khrushchev — no Stalin this, but a man one can talk with. This good opinion of Mr. Khrushchev must have existed in Dr. Adenauer's mind all along, but it would have taken a Freud to disinter it. Then, two months ago Bonn (and Bonn is Dr. Adenauer) gave notice that it would terminate the current trade pact with East Germany by the end of the year in retaliation for a renewed Communist squeeze on Berlin. But on November 25, Dr. Adenauer announced that Bonn would adopt a "flexible position" on the trade question. "When we canceled the pact, there was no question of a flexible attitude," West German officials in Berlin grumbled, showing what bad psychologists they were: Dr. Adenauer has been flexible from infancy to his present reverend age, which is one reason he is still alive and still Chancellor. Then, during the American election campaign, Dr. Adenauer said privately, but so that the newsmen would not miss it, that it made little difference who the next American President would be, what mattered was the next Secretary of State, and God forbid it should be Adlai Stevenson. But as soon as Mr. Kennedy appeared to be elected, and before he could nominate a Secretary acceptable to Dr. Adenauer, the flexible Herr Doktor invited himself for a cordial visit to the new President in Washington. The Chancellor's ardor was not reciprocated by the President-elect, but again the Chancellor had shown the youthful flexibility of his personality.

At the same time there are steely qualities in the Adenauer make-up which, like the skeleton of a chameleon, are as necessary as adaptability in coloration. His choice for Secretary of State is still John Foster Dulles, whom God has taken from us; but the Chancellor scarcely ever lets a speech pass without paying tribute to the late Dulles and God. Another illustration is Dr. Adenauer's fondness for arms; the *Bundeswehr* must have atomic weapons, he has declared, or German soldiers would be mere cannon fodder and that shall never be. Still another Adenauer trait that never varies is a strong attachment to money, especially American money. When Secretary of the Treasury Anderson and Under Secretary of State Dillon went to Bonn to request, as Joseph C. Harsch says, the first grant-in-aid from a foreign government since the American Revolution, they soon found out how monolithic Dr. Adenauer can be. His no! resounded around the world.

Paging Senator Dodd!

The late Senator Joe McCarthy was *sui generis* and it would be unfair to his memory to suggest that his mantle has fallen on other shoulders, but, insofar as such a charism is possible, it may be said that the shoulders over which the remnants are now draped are those of Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut. *The Nation* takes pleasure, therefore, in putting the finger on a possibly international character who has recently visited our shores, and who has been officially identified as a subversive by a government friendly to the United States. The suspect is a native of France, the friendly government is that of Haiti, and the charge is that the suspect gave "$7,000 to Communist students to overthrow the regime of President François Duvalier." To add to the ominous features of the situation the accused is a Roman Catholic prelate, Archbishop François Poirier, primate of Haiti. To the unsophisticated, this may make the accusation a little difficult to swallow, but Senator Dodd should have no such impediment. He knows only too well that infiltration is everywhere and that no one is too high, no one too low, to escape scrutiny.

The Government of Haiti acted with a promptness and resolution which, unfortunately, is impossible under our free institutions. The Archbishop was arrested at his residence, escorted to the Port-au-Prince airport

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without any baggage by police and Presidential Palace guards, and put on a Pan American plane bound for Miami. Arriving there, he denied the charges, which were subsequently modified by the Duvalier Government. The revised indictment stated that the Archbishop had not given the money directly to the Communist students, but to members of Catholic youth organizations "that were said to have actively supported a Communist-inspired students' strike." Of course this should only spur Senator Dodd to more vigorous action. It shows that the plot is widespread, and that the infiltration has metastasized from Communist youth to Catholic youth. The Archbishop is no longer in Miami, but there is no telling what he did while he was in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let Senator Dodd take it from there. He has followed less promising leads and overcome greater handicaps in the mission to which he has dedicated himself.

A Gift for Franco

When a Latvian sailor off the *Baltika,* which brought Mr. Khrushchev to these shores recently, deserted to seek asylum here, he was welcomed by everyone concerned, including the Hon. Francis Walter and all three TV networks. After all, what better visa for an immigrant than that he doesn't like Communists? But matters are quite different for a man who doesn't like Fascists. Juan Perez Varella was a crew member of the Spanish schooner, the *Juan Sebastian de Elcano*; en route to the United States, the sailing ship stopped off long enough in Puerto Rico for Varella to fall in love with an American girl, Mirta Vega. Around May 1 of this year, the *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* was moored at a New York City dock and Varella, an outspoken anti-Francoite as well as a lovelorn lad of twenty-one, deserted. A couple of months later he married Miss Vega and set up housekeeping in Brooklyn. The honeymoon lasted one night. The next day, immigration officials arrested him without a warrant and subsequently he was ordered deported back to Spain.

The deportation action is based on a Spanish-American friendship treaty, dating back to the beginning of the century, which provides for the reciprocal return of military deserters. (The schooner *Juan Sebastian de Elcano,* which might possibly make eight knots in a good wind and carries no armament more lethal than a butcher's knife, is nevertheless a military property: it is used as a training ship by the Spanish Navy, which had drafted Varella into service in 1956.) But the Workers Defense League, which through the good offices of the Confederated Spanish Societies, is defending Varella, argues that the treaty has been superseded by the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, which guarantees due process and the right of asylum from physical persecution — rights which the deportation order would deny. Moreover, at the request of the Confederated Spanish Societies, Mexico has already agreed to give the defendant political asylum if he is freed here.

The case was heard recently by the U. S. Court of Appeals, and a decision will be handed down in a month or so. It is to be hoped that the court, in passing judgment, will feel the necessity of showing the world that we have not one law for anti-Communists and another for anti-Fascists; one may hope also for a juridical agreement that, whether or not returning Varella to Franco would be an act of justice, it would most certainly be an act without mercy.

Thank God for Defense

Two men as well informed as Edward Teller and Leo Szilard were able to debate questions of nuclear testing and disarmament for an hour recently without once mentioning the enormous vested interest in armaments which has developed in the United States since the Truman Doctrine was promulgated in 1947. This vested interest is so great that, if the Soviet Union should announce its intention to disarm unilaterally, there would be enormous pressure on Washington to force military aid on the former enemy and re-establish it as a menace. But, though it eclipse the sun, the American stake in the armament industries is invisible, inaudible and officially nonexistent. Except, of course, in the trade press, the financial sections, and the advertising pages of the newspapers, where scientists and engineers are wooed and occasionally won.

This commerce has risen sharply since Mr. Kennedy's election aroused new hopes in the breasts of the armament interests which, directly and indirectly, include about everybody—the military, the electronics, aircraft and missiles manufacturers and their innumerable suppliers, scientists and technicians, labor, young women seeking husbands, expectant mothers, etc. *Electronic News* speculates editorially on whether the next Secretary of Defense will be a former Secretary of the Army, Navy or Air Force: six candidates are mentioned, all of whom would be good for defense business. Two officials of the Raytheon Company foresee a $3 billion rise in defense spending under the Kennedy Administration. A brokerage house predicts wonderful investment opportunities as "We shed the Welfare State and gird for the Garrison State. . . ." Companies are urged to advertise in *Signal,* official journal of the Armed Forces Communications and Electronics Association: "Share in the defense and the profits!" is the watchword. And on a Sunday the *Los Angeles Times* carries some thirteen pages advertising the greatest career opportunities ever for every man, woman and child who knows a voltmeter from a safety pin.

Aren't you glad to be alive? Provided you stay that way.

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Electoral College: Facts and Fallacies.. *by Ted Lewis*

POPULAR clamor has steadily been increasing since November 8 for amending the Constitution so that the Presidential candidate with the most votes from the people, not the biggest batch of electoral votes, will be the declared winner in an election.

This seems a sensible and long-overdue change. Yet no such simple amendment is likely to be submitted to the states for ratification by the next Congress. Not even an amendment to reform the present electoral-count setup to make it reflect more fairly the nation's popular vote has a chance of obtaining the required two-thirds majorities of House and Senate.

What the people want is not necessarily what they get from Congress; and, of course, the present grass-roots demand for a change in the electoral-college system is nothing new. It stirs up after every close Presidential election and has a sound basis. What makes more sense than that the people should elect their President by direct vote, just as they now do a mayor, governor or Senator?

As Senator Robert A. Taft said during a debate on an electoral-reform proposal in February, 1950, "The theory that we ought to go to a system of a national majority and have a straight popular vote is perfectly sound." But he then pointed out that "all our elections are based on the state unit" and it would be "a great mistake to abandon that system unless such a course seemed to be the only solution."

BY SHEER chance the evils in the present electoral system have never been so glaringly exposed as in the Presidential election just passed. The result has been an unprecedented public revulsion against the complicated electoral-college procedure which would certainly now be on its way out but for the fact that by mere statistical happenstance it functioned on November 8 in accordance with the national will. So, because it survived the closest popular vote election we have ever experienced, Congress—despite the angry public mood—cannot be expected to support either reform of the electoral system, or its abolition.

THIS "do nothing" attitude would not now prevail had the system collapsed in this election, as it well might have done. For example, had Vice President Nixon carried Illinois, which President-elect Kennedy won by less than 9,000 votes, the election would still be in doubt. Kennedy's electoral vote total of 273 would be but four votes over the required majority. At least six of Kennedy's electors listed from the South are unpledged. If they so chose, they could deprive him of an electoral-college majority and thus throw the election into the House. He would probably have won there—but what a mess!

Another example: one could easily argue that Nixon lost and Kennedy won only because the allotment of electoral votes to the states is ten years behind the times. Had 10,000 Illinois votes gone the other way, and had the electoral counts been based on the 1960 census figures instead of those of 1950, Mr. Nixon would now be the President-elect. What a way to run an election!

Fortunately, it doesn't take a Constitutional amendment to achieve reapportionment of the electoral vote. Congress already has all the authority it needs. The people are clearly bitter about the way the electoral-vote system always twists the value of every ballot cast. This outright felony perpetrated by the system on so many voters is shocking enough without Congress' deliberately permitting it to become a political obscenity in the Presidential election years which coincide with the national census.

Take California's plight. It had thirty-two electoral votes in the 1960 election, based on the population count of 1950. A week after last month's election, the new apportionment of House seats and electoral votes was announced. In 1964, California will have forty electoral votes. It now has 5,000,000 more residents than in 1950. What this amounts to is that 5,000,000 California voters were not represented in that state's 1960 electoral vote.

Congress has plenty of time to overcome the failure of the electoral count to stay up to date. It will not be until 1980 that another Presidential election occurs in the same year as the decennial census. But how about the Presidential campaign of 1968? The way people are moving about, California could gain another 5,000,000 residents in the next eight years. New York, which lost almost 2,000,000 in the last ten years, could lose even more in the next eight. If the nation is going to stay saddled to the ancient—and never honorable (it was a compromise to begin with)—electoral system, the least Congress could do is to keep it updated every four years.

BUT WHATEVER Congress does about the census, House and Senate leaders have become almost resigned to the view that no plan has yet been devised for foolproof reform of the electoral-vote setup. If the electoral-college system cannot be reformed, then it must either be retained as is or totally scrapped. And it will not be totally scrapped until—as Taft said ten years ago—scrapping is "the only solution."

When will it be "the only solution"? That will be when the nation, in some future Presidential election, finds its will has been thwarted to the point where it revolts against the results. What, for instance, would have been the nation's mood had Kennedy received 4,000,000 more popular votes than Nixon, but the latter, due to the freakish way the electoral-college system works, had received an electoral-vote majority?

In the good, dull days beyond recall voters were ready, if grudgingly, to accept occasional travesties on justice of this kind. Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876 and Benjamin Harrison in 1888 were electoral-vote winners and popular-vote losers. But

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TED LEWIS is a political columnist and acting Washington Bureau Chief for the New York Daily News.

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since 1948 there has been a restless mood through the nation which suggests to some that it would be wise for Congress to act before it is too late.

The country was fortunate in 1948 that Harry Truman, with a 2,000,000 popular-vote edge over Thomas E. Dewey, also was the winner in the electoral-vote count. The third party of that year, the States Rights Party headed by J. Strom Thurmond (now Senator from South Carolina), received 39 electoral votes to Truman's 303 and Dewey's 189. Had Dewey carried Illinois, California and Ohio (Truman barely squeaked through in all three), Dewey would have been elected on the electoral count. Had he carried any two of the three, he would have deprived Truman of an electoral majority, and the election would have been tossed into the House — the aim of the States Rights Party to begin with.

What would have been the national reaction if Dewey had won in this manner or the election had been left up to the House? This sort of subornation of the people's intent could be dangerous—and the threat of an electoral-vote "victory" by a candidate failing by a substantial margin to have a popular-vote majority will remain with us until the Constitution is amended.

SINCE 1948, members of Congress have been worried about the dangers of the electoral-vote system, and efforts have been made to draft an amendment which would reform the electoral-college system so that it would reflect the popular vote. One proposal, first pushed by Senator Karl Mundt (R., S.D.) and again being offered with variations, would amend the Constitution so that each state would elect two electors-at-large, the others by Congressional districts or their equivalent. Then, instead of a state's following the winner-take-all system as at present (where New York's forty-five electoral votes, for example, go en masse to the candidate carrying the state by popular vote, whether his margin is fifteen or 700,000), the electoral vote would be divided—unless, of course, one candidate carried every district as well as the state at large.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Question Before the House

Would the Mundt proposal guarantee a popular-majority President? The latest warning that it would not came last week from the American Good Government Society of Washington, D.C., whose statisticians announced that had the system been in effect in the 1960 election, Vice President Nixon would have won with 282 electoral votes—thirteen more than required.

Another proposal, first pushed by Henry Cabot Lodge in the Senate ten years ago, still has Congressional support; indeed, in the unlikely event that the next Congress does act on the issue, it would probably be along the lines suggested by Mr. Lodge. Under this plan, the Constitution would be amended to provide that each state's electoral vote should be split in proportion to the state's popular vote.

At first glance, this seems an admirable way to end all the present evils. It so appeared to the Senate in 1950, when it approved a resolution to submit such an amendment to the states by 64 to 27—three more than the necessary two-thirds.

The opposition in the Senate was led by Taft, and what he said then still has significance. He pointed out that had the Lodge proposal been in effect in 1900, William Jennings Bryan would have been elected despite a popular-vote lag of nearly 1,000,000 behind William McKinley. The Senator went on:

> In analyzing the election of 1900, we find that Bryan had an electoral majority in approximately sixteen states. Of those, eleven states were in the extreme South. . . .
>
> In other words, certain states have a tremendous electoral-vote majority. Take the State of Mississippi. In that election . . . Mississippi had a weight of seven electoral votes, whereas the State of Ohio, which was McKinley's home state, had a weight of only 1.6 electoral votes.
>
> It can be clearly seen what would happen today [i.e., 1950] in the case of Ohio. We have a total of twenty-five electoral votes. If [Republicans] carry the state by 125,000, we are doing a pretty good job. In that case those votes would be divided—thirteen Republican and twelve Democratic. We would get a weight of one vote in the electoral college.

The Senator then pointed out that Georgia, with twelve electoral votes and considerably less than half the population of Ohio, would probably be divided nine to three (he obviously gave Lodge the benefit of the doubt on the size of Georgia's GOP turn-out). What would the result be? "Georgia would have a weight of six in the electoral college, or six times that of Ohio," the Senator declared.

DESPITE Taft's opposition, the proposal went to the House. It had the support of Republicans who thought the proposed amendment would permit the GOP to pick up electoral votes in the South (Lodge himself had predicted it would lead to the end of the South's one-party system). It also had—and still has—the support of Southern Democrats who want to reduce the pressure on the national party for a strong civil-rights stand. The Lodge amendment, they reasoned, would prevent Negro votes from representing the balance of electoral power in key Northern states. If the Negro vote could not help swing a state's entire electoral vote to a Democratic Presidential candidate, then obviously the party, in national convention, could efford to soften its civil-rights plank.

Some Northern Democrats also went along with the amendment, hoping that its adoption would cripple the power of third parties, such as the American Labor Party in New York State, whose vote enabled Dewey to carry the state in 1948. Others thought it would give the Democratic Party an electoral break in those New England and Mid-

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western states that traditionally went Republican.

Most of these sentiments exist in Congress today. In retrospect, it seems fortunate that the Lodge amendment died in the House. It had been expected to sail through. Let history record that Rep. Clifford Case (R., N.J.), now U.S. Senator, was most responsible for its defeat: the vote was 210 to 134 against.

What Case did was to show that the amendment would increase the power of the South in the Democratic Party at the expense of the Northern liberal wing. He got leaders of Americans for Democratic Action, who had supported the proposal in the Senate, to make a complete turn-around and urge Northern liberals of both parties to vote the proposal down in the House.

BUT WHY will the next Congress continue to spurn any resolution calling for total abolition of the electoral system and for election of a President by simple popular vote? Simply because most Congressmen believe that any such action would open up a Pandora's box of troubles possibly more unsettling than those now developing from the electoral system itself.

There is no denying that, under the present system, Presidential campaigns are waged on a state basis. An election based on the nation-wide popular vote would entail certain interesting political consequences.

Had the direct-election system been law during last month's election, Kennedy would certainly not have needed to make deals with David Dubinsky for the Liberal Party's 1960 backing in New York. Both candidates could have ignored the so-called "big city machines," so useful in obtaining a big state's electoral bloc. Walter Reuther and his AFL-CIO organization in Detroit would have lost its political strategic position; they could no longer deliver, or withhold, Michigan's electoral vote.

Well, wouldn't these changes be an improvement? Maybe so; but, after all, the states elect Senators and Representatives, many of whom in Presidential years win by coattail grabbing. Who knows what would happen if a President were chosen by popular vote? It might turn out that a President elected by a popular landslide would find he has a Congress totally controlled by the out-party. This happens even under the present system. It could be worse under the other.

Perhaps there ought to be a commission to study the entire question. The issue is extraordinarily complicated. I have not even touched on the effect the direct-vote system would have on the nominating conventions. The delegates are now chosen on a state basis. Could the conventions survive long? Probably not. They would give way to the direct primary method of nominating a party's Presidential nominee. That might be good, but the birth pains could be severe—just as they most certainly would be during the first runs of a Presidential election system in which the popular vote would prevail and the decrepit electoral college were dumped in the ash can.

BRITAIN'S 'DEMOCRATIC PARTY' . . *by Bernard Crick*

OBITUARIES on the British Labour Party are premature. But it is likely to remain permanently impotent if it does not consider its ailments a little more dispassionately. The Labour Party is a compound of many different elements; it is *not* and never has been (as many people imagine on both sides of the water) a simple party of a single ideology; and the various elements within it are at the moment in an *almost* unique state of disequilibrium. But there have been many previous occasions on which the party seemed prepared to tear itself to bits with very little need for outside help. Jimmie Maxton, though a fervid creature of dogma, once remarked in the middle of one of these ideological orgies: "If you cannot ride two horses at once, you have no right to be in the bloody circus."

Week after week quarrels continue at full gallop between the leaders of the Labour Party, all of it generously, keenly and minutely reported by the Conservative press — back to "first principles" versus "revisionism" and modernization, neutralism versus NATO, etc., etc. And people back one horse or another as if any, in the nature of the circus, could ever win alone, clearly and undisputed. Granny *Times* exhorts Mr. Gaitskell to go in fighting for his principles and beseeches him "to face the fact" that he may have to purge the left wing of his party before peace can descend (though the equally Tory *Daily Telegraph* has equally Machiavellian doubts about this brand of unction: if the Labour Party gets too weak, they fear, Conservative discipline could break down — e.g., F.D.R. scored too big a victory in 1936). But few commentators have made pregnant the obvious platitude that the Labour Party has always been like this, and that conflict can — within limits, granted — be a source of political strength, not weakness.

Consider another party so divided that it cannot possibly have held together. If you met two men in string ties on a Chicago streetcar (Mr. Dooley once observed), shaking their fists and shouting at each other "traitor, miscreant, turncoat," you would be witnessing two statesmen of the great Democratic Party trying to reunite it. The British Labour Party is really far more like the

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Democratic Party than those American liberals imagined who used to see a "real ideological (British type) party" ever about to emerge from the dust and jubilee of the Democratic coalition. Both parties are essentially coalitions — most reformist parties are. But this is a truth which has been grasped neither by the self-styled left wing of the Labour Party nor by Mr. Gaitskell and his friends. Failure to grasp this truth — which may have been the only truth that Clement (Earl) Attlee ever held — in large part explains why the present quarrels can appear so suicidal.

Vicky in New Statesman (London)

WHAT, indeed, is the crisis facing the Labour Party today? It is partly one of electoral support and partly one of policy — and the two things are far less related than most people suppose. Putting policies aside for the moment, it should be remembered that the Labour Party has always been in electoral trouble. After all, the Labour Party has only once in its history ever gained a working majority (1945) and in the light of this fact, one might draw the sad conclusion not that the party has recently suffered a unique defeat, but simply that it is the normal opposition party. The Conservative Party, Britain still being what it was, is the normal governing party. Even though two-thirds of the working population are manual workers, between a quarter and a third of them have continued, apparently generation after generation, to vote Conservative — and even solidly Labour working-class voters need more stirring actually to vote than do middle-class voters. For all the wild amateur sociological talk of the demise of working-class attitudes in Britain (have these people ever *looked* at an English industrial town?), for all the reality of a small number of working people voting Conservative to fulfill social aspirations, the Labour Party could ignore all this completely — and could never lose — if it had ever solved the old problem of the *deferential* Tory working man and the Labour non-voter.

Too many people are still under the spell of a dogma of old Liberal ideology: that two-party systems somehow necessarily alternate—thus is freedom preserved. The belief is widespread that continual defeat is somehow unnatural. On the contrary, it is the normal pattern of British politics — as it is in a majority of the states of the American Union. Indeed, the swings of the alleged pendulum in American national politics have been in generations, rather than decades. A party can certainly survive with very little hope of victory; it may suffer in its recruitment of leadership, but its popular vote can remain remarkably steady. The Labour Party's share of the total vote in 1959 was 44 per cent, and this has been a remarkably constant figure over the years. That year, a switch of only two out of every hundred from Conservative to Labour would have given a Labour majority. Two weeks before the election, the Gallup Poll was still showing a slim Labour majority.

THERE are no real signs of a cumulative collapse in Labour support. Studies of the last election agree that the Liberals (who doubled their vote without increasing their six seats) snatched votes about *equally* from former Conservative and Labour supporters. This would suggest that the Liberal vote is mainly a protest vote against what many feel to be the over-great bureaucratic rigidity of both big party machines. But the Liberals correspond to no known social interest; their policies are a mishmash of unappropriated "good ideas." When people's real interests are touched, they will fall back to their regular parties.

The declining hope of office again, after the great expectations of the late 1940s, may reduce the recruitment of top talent to the Parliamentary Labour Party. There are signs of this already. But the ordinary cloth-cap Labour voter still looks at the bowlered gent and says "—me before I'd vote for 'im." The trouble, however, is that one of his four most immediate neighbors is likely to vote "for 'im" because "he knows how to govern," or because "he don't stand to gain anything from it," or "he knows what to do when he gets there" — or some such plausible and depressing nonsense. The Labour Party, then, is in no immediate danger of collapse, though it is also in no immediate danger of having to implement the policies over which it quarrels.

THE POLICY differences are deep; and they do seriously weaken the chances of the Labour Party to stir up the indifferent supporter or to convince the very few floating voters that they could produce a good government. But the assumption of any single camp within the party that it alone could win, and represent the "real" Labour movement, is a strange one. One has the same difficulty about it as in some discussions of the strategy of nuclear war — who would be left to count the corpses and declare the official re-

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sult? Dogmatism, whether of Left or Right, is certainly the style of the Labour movement; but compromise and conciliation is its actual practice when faced with crisis.

Immediately after the last election, Mr. Gaitskell was properly anxious to give the party a new image, or at least a face-lift. But he chose to do it not by making use of his then quite unchallenged position as leader of the Opposition, simply to make speeches, strike attitudes and oppose the Government in a way that would exemplify his "new look" for socialism; instead, he set out to get a formal amendment in the party constitution of the now famous Clause Four which stated as an unqualified goal "the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." Until he raised the issue, the constitution had been an all but unread document. He was quite right in what he wanted to achieve, but he was wildly wrong in his tactics. Like F.D.R. and the Supreme Court fight, Gaitskell discovered that the constitution touched a chord of fundamentalism in the most profane people. He proved himself, alas, a dogmatist of the Right, insisting on the letter of the new law, when he had already enough power and opportunity as leader to change the practice without causing offense by appearing to tamper with the principles.

NOW the Labour movement does, indeed, contain sidewalk saints who are so rooted in habits of opposition on "first principles" that almost any political compromise seems to them to be "selling out." They hold principles like "more nationalization" in the way the old evangelists used to preach "more love" — though when and where and in what form were always troublesome. But this is a cross that any Labour leader has to bear; when this frantic Pharisaism is diluted by that realism which is the product of mere organization, it is then the very dynamic of the Labour movement. The Labour Party will always debate on the roof-tops, because it is a popular and democratic party, representing the diverse interests of nonconformist England rallied together against the Establishment. The leaders of the party of the Establishment, knowing each other already, coming still from a fantastically narrow social group, having the confidence and conceit of having "always" been the governing class, can meet quietly in clubs and settle their affairs behind closed doors, with no working journalists present among their membership.

Anthony Crosland's "revisionists" (capitalism is working, but needs Galbraiths rather than Bevans around) and Richard Crossman's "true socialism" (capitalism is bound to crash again, so sit tight on your principles and wait for the harvest) were both comfortably compromised at Labour's Scarborough Conference last October in an official resolution explaining, but not altering, the public-ownership clause of the constitution. It stated that an *expansion* of public ownership "substantial enough to give the community power over the commanding heights of the economy" was necessary, and noted further that "common ownership took various forms, including state-owned industries and firms, producer and consumer cooperatives, municipal ownership and public participation in private firms." The resolution was passed overwhelmingly. It may look ingenuous, but it expresses a basic attitude to public power which clearly separates all factions in the Labour Party from all, or almost all, Conservatives.

BUT THIS was only the quite obvious end-product of a long and bitter fight provoked by Mr. Gaitskell himself. Richard Crossman said recently, in explaining his refusal to vote for Gaitskell's re-election as Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party (even though he himself was Chairman of the National Executive): "The last twelve months, wasted on the unnecessary Clause Four dispute, have already cost us . . . electoral support. If Hugh Gaitskell gets his own way again, we shall consume the next year in a much more violent and equally unnecessary debate on defense."

Gaitskell, of course, won his re-election comfortably, 166 votes to 81, with only seven abstentions. But it is common knowledge that many who voted for him did so in a kind of "last chance" mood—hoping against hope that he will choose to lead them against the enemy and not against themselves.

SIMILARLY, there has been an air of unreality about much of the nuclear-disarmament debate — though this view, I admit, calls for very strong nerves. There has arisen, indeed, such a thing as British left-wing isolationism. Frank Cousins, the General Secretary of the massive Transport and General Workers Union, whose personal change of heart and control of his monolithic union were alone responsible for the defeat of the party executive over defense policy, is that nicest sort of bigot—the kind with whom we normally agree. But "if the mad groups in the world want to have a go at each other," quoth he, "let us have no part of them." No man is sure whether he has yet even intellectually comprehended the scientific unlikeliness of this pleasant desire. But he carried over 1,000,000 votes in his pocket! Kingsley Martin, then editor of the *New Statesman,* showed a realism which has not always been blamed on him when he wrote: "Pacifism, despite the newspapers, will not be an issue at the Labour Party Conference. It cannot be a party policy, because one of the reasons why governments are elected is to defend their country from foreign attack."

What in fact happened was that the official resolution which rejected the need for an independent British deterrent, but pledged a future Labour Government to fulfill obligations towards her allies (i.e., to remain in NATO unequivocably), was lost by a 300,000 majority out of a total vote of about 6,400,000. Then the Transport and General Workers Union's resolution calling for "a complete rejection of any nuclear defense policy based on the threat of the use of strategic or tactical nuclear weapons" was carried by 43,000 votes. And, finally, the Amalgamated Engineering Union got a 400,000 majority for the "unilateral renuncia-

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tion of the testing, stockpiling, manufacture and basing of all nuclear weapons in Great Britain."

One very odd thing that emerges is that no one in the leadership of the British Labour movement thinks that Britain has any business with, or use for, an independent deterrent. The real argument within the Labour Party is between those who think that Britain can do more to preserve peace and bring about disarmament by remaining in NATO and those who seek the same objective by trying to organize a neutralist bloc. But it does not call for much skepticism to think that neither view may have very much to do with world peace. Mr. Gaitskell has fought a series of battles with his own party, and won them up until now, over defense policy, each time to find that events have outpaced the value of his victory. The fundamental problem facing the Labour Party may simply be not what precise policy an Opposition should espouse, but whether it is the business of an Opposition to develop such precise policies at all.

For if British Labour is normally the Opposition party, its business should normally be to oppose, helter-skelter, as it can, fighting with both wings at once. Mr. Gaitskell is obviously a man whose talents cry out for the opportunity of government. But Opposition is not to his taste. He has, rather, practiced a theory that the Opposition is an alternative government which must be ready to step into the breach at a moment's (unlikely) notice with precise policies.

This is what might be called constitutional perfectionism. If the Conservatives get away with governing by pluck, pride and hunch rather than by plan, it seems strange that an Opposition does not capitalize on its lack of a need for precise policies. It should concentrate on attacking the Government, hammering away on a few clear themes rather than spending its time disciplining itself over matters which, like American bases in Britain, may not be detail, but may well not be real issues by the time power comes; or in any case, are certainly not issues on which the party has to commit itself until it is actually in power. Opposition should be an orchestration of all discontents, a prosecuting attorney with as few inhibitions as possible, not an attempt to provide a rival "shadow cabinet," judge and jury. Shadow, indeed!

The Labour Party is uniquely suited to discredit a government, since it is a coalition of diverse class, union, regional, ideological and even ethnic (considering the overwhelming Welsh, Scottish and immigrant Irish Labour vote) interests. They have in common a sense of injustice arising from the traditional monopoly of power by a narrow Establishment. And socialism itself, except in a very broad sense, is only one element in this coalition—an important one, a source of leadership and of innovation to society as a whole, but certainly subsidiary, in both electoral and historical terms, to the Labour Party as the representative of the interests of organized labor.

It would be a gross underestimate to say that all that has happened is that one giant trade union, simply due to its secretary, has switched its conference vote away from its traditional alignment behind the party leadership. But it is a more untenable view, as many hunters for trends are proclaiming, that the British Labour Party is on the verge of collapse. Like the Democratic Party, it has its downs, and it has its ups—and it is always marked by turmoil. We do want so much out of politics, but thank God they remain exciting.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? . . . *a story by J. F. Powers*

Some time later when Jean and I had both gotten married and our husbands had been brought into our very close relationship, we disclosed our [early experiences] one night. When our husbands first heard our story, they were not only shocked but disbelieving. However, they believed readily when Jean went over and sat on my husband's lap while I beckoned her husband into the other room. Since then we have swapped regularly and have recently added two more couples. We are all very close friends so have no special rules. All four couples met recently in a big cabin in the mountains and it worked so successfully that we plan to try it for a full week next summer.*

DEAR LLOYD & JEAN: I am doing my Xmas letters, and Les says not to forget you kids, and so here I come. It's almost a year since you moved away, and all I can say is we sure do miss you. I wish you could see our tree. Les got it from the same guy down at the plant. We added more lights and now have 128. The whole block agreed not to have roof displays this year. Lloyd's bad fall last year had a lot to do with this decision. Only Bensons held out. They would. They have a new Snow White but the same old dwarfs. He came to Les about using ours, said since we wouldn't be needing them this year. Of course Les had to turn him down. We were all worried about the couple that moved into your house, since he is an electrician, but he promised they wouldn't have a roof display. Now it looks like they won't even have a tree. She works, I guess. Both of them nice looking, but Les thinks they don't get along.

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*From an authentic report published in *Mr.*, a magazine "for Men of Distinction," Vol. 4, No. 6, and part of a continuing inquiry into "sex habits and customs in today's world" being carried on by the editors, who state: "Any assumption that we, because we have had the courage to present a factual and unemotional report, therefore sympathize with the points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose."

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They sure keep to themselves.

Say, we were sorry not to see you at Rocky Ridge last summer, but didn't expect you when you didn't write. I remember Lloyd saying he might have to take his vacation at a different time. Was that it? Well, after two days of pouring rain, we decided to drive up to Yellowstone. Just the two of us. Some drive, but this new wagon we have can really eat up the road and is equipped with seat belts. Came back through the Black Hills. They needed rain. I suppose you got the cards.

Say, the big tube burned out about ten days ago. Didn't you tell me it was almost practically new? The serviceman (Red) tried to tell me it came with the set. Did you ever find the warranty papers? Les wanted to wait until we could afford a color set, but I didn't think it would be fair to him, with the bowl games coming up, and so we now have a new picture tube. How many channels where you are now?

Les is giving me a gift certificate that I may apply on a drier. It is now definite we are getting natural gas in the spring. Do you have it there? He is getting an outboard motor from me. He says what should we do with that old kicker you forgot and left in our garage? Be glad to send it to you. Or if you want us to try and sell it for you, we will. Just let us know. By the way, what do you think we should do about the power mower? If you want to keep it, that's O.K. with us. Or if you want to send it to us, that's O.K. too. In that case, we would forward you your share in it ($44). Maybe you could let us know your decision when you write about the old outboard motor. Lloyd, will you get Jean to write? Les says he's never heard of people like you two for not writing, and I agree. Ha. Ha.

Hey, don't get us wrong about the mower. If you want us to have it, we will forward your share ($44) right away, but we don't expect you to send it back unless you want to. Les says you might be smart to hold onto it, and not have to go to the expense of sending it back. Whatever you decide to do is O.K.

Les is talking about bed and so I'll close with a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. Hope our card arrived safely. Yours hasn't come in yet. As always

Les & Lil

P.S. Les just called about the freight charges in case you decide to send it back. $5 or $6. You don't have to crate it. We don't want to tell you what to do, but it looks like you'd be smart just to forward our share ($44). We used Bensons' last summer, but we hated to ask for it, and the grass got so long each time. Don't want to go through that again and would appreciate hearing from you soon so we can make our plans for the coming year. Les says if you want to send it back we'll split the freight with you — and of course forward you your full share ($44).

WHY AMERICA DISTRUSTS ITS INTELLECTUALS

THE BRAIN CURTAIN . . *by Michael Novak*

"A LARGE, oval head, smooth, faceless, unemotional, but a little bit haughty and condescending"; ". . . superficial in approach to any problem . . . a doctrinaire supporter of middle-European socialism . . . a bleeding heart." So John Alsop and Louis Bromfield, as quoted by Eric Goldman, explained what the new word of 1952, "egghead," indicated. The people of America did not resist the word; it seemed to fit their fears and resentments. It illustrated the gap between them and the liberal intellectuals, the gap which rendered both ineffective and crippled mid-century America. Perhaps the Presidency of John F. Kennedy will narrow it — among Roman Catholics, for example, who have been among the most conservative and those most suspicious of the intellectuals. But what caused this split between the two groups in American society? When did it occur?

The success of liberal ideas under Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman was too gratifying to be deep. Hunger and hardship forced the people to try Roosevelt in 1932; the depression gave him his mandate, the war helped keep him in. It is not so clear why Harry Truman won, but in two terms under the popular Eisenhower the Republicans could not even suggest repealing liberal programs. I do not think this means that the American people have been deeply liberalized; they have maintained large reservations about liberal reasonings and analyses. The Roman Catholics seem a case in point: ordinarily Democratic, lower middle class, and hit hard by the depression, they were among the most ardent supporters of F.D.R. But they never shared wholeheartedly the ideologic drift of liberalism, its sympathies with the Soviet experiment with its more or less relativist ethic and its sometimes mere tolerance of religion (or positive enmity). Under the pressures of industrialized society, of big and impersonal business, of ruthless laws of boom and recession, the American people could, however, turn to the liberal intellectual leadership of Roosevelt. In him, the reform movements of seventy years crystallized into national action, and the people were for the first time mobilized behind them. But it must not be thought that the people accepted the ideologies from which these movements sprang. The people accepted leadership, as in a non-ideo-

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logical democracy they should, on a pragmatic basis. They maintained a reservoir of suspicion and perhaps of fear.

The liberal intellectual seems to have been misled by the popularity of Roosevelt, and all the more so by the surprising victory of Harry Truman in 1948. Perhaps the Second World War and the Korean War kept his attentions elsewhere; perhaps America is simply too large and diverse a country, and her people too varying in political sophistication; but the liberal intellectual has not been noticeably self-critical in his success, nor deft in bringing the people to understand just what he was doing. For many years there was almost no such thing as a conservative intellectual; the books, reviews and journals read in intellectually respectable circles were all by liberals; Mencken, Babbitt, More and a scattering of others were influential but somehow peripheral. And it is hard to be a conservative in a country that lives so much in the future as does America, that was given a fresh starting place as though outside the ugly tangles of history, that was created by rational decision for rational goals ahead in the future. As a result, when the liberal is not self-critical, there has been almost no force to check him and make him revise. His unchallenged self-esteem nourishes in others fears and resentments whose release, for example, in the "egghead" epithet is sudden and virulent.

LACK OF self-criticism is not good for a liberal intellectual, either. The ugly "red herring" trials, the Communist assault on Korea, then Hungary, marked an ever more complete end to innocence. The liberal intellectual had been wrong about the Soviet, not entirely but significantly. On the home scene, national crime syndicates have been thriving for a generation; juvenile delinquency resists solution; the national moral sense seems to be growing ever less certain — perhaps, it must be admitted, as much because of welfare programs as because of free-enterprise emphasis on consumer goods; perhaps as much because of the relativist ethics of the schools as because of the *simpliste*, emotional ethics of the preachers. When the liberal intellectual in the person of Adlai Stevenson tried to "talk sense" to the American people, he found himself no longer uncompromised. The liberal intellectual was not looked upon as representing political and moral wisdom. He had gone many years without self-criticism, without inner revision, without intensifying his contact with the moral sense of the people. Americans looked to Ike for integrity.

But neither was Eisenhower self-critical. For eight years America did not live a life of truth, but a life of comfort. Eisenhower could not understand how wrong this was; in his mind it seemed to be of the essence to "keep up the spirits of the troops," to "keep up morale." But a democracy does not run on comfort, it runs on rational criticism or on nothing. John Kennedy campaigned on the theme of rational awakening, and he won the election. The thin margin of victory seems to indicate, among other things, how much the people do not accept many of the liberal presuppositions, much of the liberal world view. Events force them to the liberal camp, because the liberals at least promise action. But the association is not restful and at ease.

WHY IS not the relationship between liberal intellectual and people more cordial than it is? Most of the blame, I fear, must fall upon the intellectual, for he is the one whose mind is supposed to be more universal, and therefore more able to communicate from one set of ideas and words into another. And surely it is obvious that words have different emotional charges in different groups; that the people do not spontaneously take the point of view of the trained mind, or the historical perspective of the omnivorous reader. The people do not analyze events or changed situations; they go on living, they suffer and are happy, in turn. There is no need to romanticize them, or to despair of them; they are as they are, there, a fact. They pass judgment upon their leaders. They have a certain shrewdness, an inchoate sense of traditional history, a responsiveness that is a mixture of the rational and the irrational. Yet the critical, rational working of democracy depends on increasing, so far as is possible, the proportion of the rational to the irrational in their activity. The mere projection of an image by a prospective leader is important in winning an election; but mutual rational criticism between leaders and people is indispensable in the realization of policy. The liberal intellectual must learn rational communication with the people, for his own good and for theirs.

There are several obstacles to this communication. One of these is on the side of the people, others on the side of the liberal intellectual. The people's primary concern is to live, not to reflect; this is their weakness, and their strength. While ideologies and interpretations of history come and go, the people go on living. But they live in a kind of darkness, and they are often the victims of their own lack of reflection. They remain attached to a pattern of life that is no longer viable; or they suffer from new patterns which they do not understand well enough to create machinery to change. They depend on their intellectuals to enlighten them and thus enable them to act. Yet they themselves are not utterly devoid of their own kind of wisdom, and in a democracy they pass judgment even on their peers. In modern America, they depended on F.D.R. to interpret the cause of their economic helplessness, and to give them the means to fight back. But, as I have suggested, the liberals who engineered the New Deal did not succeed in thinking through and in communicating to the people the presuppositions of what they were doing, its justification and its salient effects. They were content to meet the concrete crisis, and they were rejoiced by success. The ideologic springs of their reforms had century-old roots, were colored by European origins and specific European developments in the nineteenth century. But in the concrete tasks of effecting the New Deal, in the war and post-war period, there was not time to think through the differences be-

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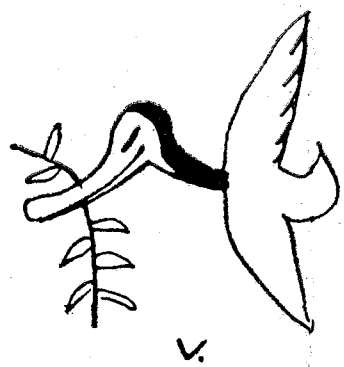
tween American reality and European reality.

America is not Europe. Freedom is not the same as the French *liberté*. Our free enterprise (a misnomer in itself) is not *Das Kapital*. Our democracy is not an ideologic *Etat-enseignant*. Our people are not the proletariat of Marx, nor "the masses" of D. H. Lawrence and many others on the Continent. Our liberty under law does not oppose law to liberty in the fashion of Roman and Napoleonic law, or in the fashion of Latin revolutionaries. The liberal intellectual of America has often failed to grasp our newness, our difference, our identity. Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought*, for example, is an interpretation of American reality in a viewpoint borrowed from European ideology, and it is not alone. Again, the recent debate in *Life* and in *The New York Times* on America's National Purpose revealed that in these liberal years we seem to have forgotten our purpose, and our identity, in the very midst of liberal reforms and major war. A European aura has hung about the programs of the liberal intellectual in America, while often he has in his heart rejected America. He has been ashamed of American civilization. He has surely not discovered her riches of the spirit. He flays her with negative criticism. He does not release the unused idealism and energies of a people unique upon the globe for their hope in reason and in generosity.

THE liberal intellectual has despised the kingdom of supermarkets and organization. He has despised the blind quest for profits or for prestige, and the directing of the behemoth of technology toward surfeiture with consumer goods. He has decried the using of men as parts in the machine of economic process. Above all, he has held in contempt the dedication of the public-relations men of industry, government and even the churches, to the comfortable falsehood and the optimistic pretense. He has grown to hate the affable smile. The people of America do not realize the depth of the sea of lies in which they are forced to live; and while, spontaneously, they do not believe what they hear, they yet, unreflecting, do not rise up in revolt for truth, or even sympathize with those who try to tell the truth. They go on living as if it were an expected part of life to share the huge cultural lie: that to keep smiling will see one through. But the liberal intellectual also does not see that *he* helped start all this, that back in the beginning it was his Enlightenment that conceived the idea of the rationalization of society. It was his Enlightenment that conceived of the new purpose of civilization as the bringing of maximum contentment to the greatest



number by concrete changes in the *environment*. The men of the Enlightenment said that "Knowledge is power," and they made the discoveries and the inventions that made the technological revolution possible. It was their optimism that communicated itself to the thrust of our civilization.

Thus in his contempt for the mass culture and the barbaric Philistines he knows it can breed, the liberal intellectual sometimes forgets his own contribution to the making of our present world. Further, in turning away from the ugly aspects of the American economic system, the liberal intellectual does not always succeed in removing the colored glasses of European ideology. He has rarely tried to understand the American business world for what it is, its human achievements and virtues as well as its dehumanization. And now Europe is exhausted and looks to the American intellectual for light; the uncommitted nations look here for persuasion. The American intellectual is embarrassed by his own scathing rejections of his culture, and his little sympathy for the whole area of it — the area of *technique* — in which most of the people live out their lives. He has not seen what Henry Ford's revolution has done for the lives and spirit of the people, though he more easily approved Roosevelt's protection of the people from the huge, impersonal forces of centralized business. The business system of America contributes to the welfare of the human spirit, as well as takes its toll of it; I can conceive of no system, in history or in the realm of ideas, that has not this ambiguity. Its great fault is its impersonal domination over men, the absence of personal intelligence and will directing it. The liberal intellectuals need to create new forms which would give thrust to the human spirit's need to master technology. Even in its present form, however, the American political-economic system is unique and perhaps uniquely human. It does not have unique expression or adequate image whereby it might be communicated to the understanding of other peoples. The liberal intellectual image of America is not adequate; neither is the image proposed by the business community. What other is there?

THE PEOPLE of America do not understand the changes that have come over our land in the last fifty years. Their heads are full of images of the frontier, of the familial and old-fashioned virtues; or else full of distress because these things are passing away. The civic virtues needed for our present life are quite different from those of two generations ago; the economic and international forces that control our lives are greater, and our need to work together is more critical. The set of virtues to which Barry Goldwater appeals is not a false set; it is simply not adequate. Our enemies and tasks are different from those our forebears faced. Agrarian virtues are different from the urban and suburban; they are not better or worse. The call to manhood still is the call to responsible judgment and courageous will, and only the individual can answer this call; though surely

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now the field for answering it is that of cooperation and not that of rugged individualism. Big business, centralized as nothing else in the world, and its counterweight, big government, are not perfect arrangements, but they are what we must live with, and they call for new sets of political and moral skills.

The liberal intellectual has not eased for the people this transition to a new way of life. The *avant-garde* has sometimes despised the people it was supposed to be leading; the beats, too, sneer at the squares. Sometimes the liberal intellectual has not understood genuine religion, and has tended to think of all religion as superstition, quite its opposite. Thus he has not in such cases been able to respect the religious virtues of many noble and heroic families among the people; he has also been cut off from one of the sources of energy in Western civilization — though there are, of course, many liberals who have not cut themselves off from these sources. Again, the liberal ethic has tended to be relativist. Even the extremities of the National Socialists were difficult for him to condemn intellectually, for the standard of morality had become more a matter of the sensibilities and of an undefined sense of honor than of the intelligence; the Nazis had acted for "the good of the state," hadn't they? In making fun of the bourgeois virtues, and in exposing the mechanisms of misdirected fears of sex, the liberal intellectual has once more moved out in front of the moral sense of the people, and not made the transition of the people to the new insights easy. The people have often thought the liberal intellectual amoral or even immoral, and the liberal intellectual has often thought the people benighted and stupid. Both groups, however, often share a deep moral sense, though its direction and expression differ in each.

Meanwhile, the emergence of communism as a world power has dramatized moral issues that have always lain at the root of society, but which have not always been so clear. The evils of capitalistic civilization, of both European and American type, have bred the moral thrust of communism; but the unscrupulousness of communism destroys morality in the very drive for success. The cold war is not a war that can be "won" or "lost" in the usual sense; even so, it becomes harder and harder to reconcile oneself to the notion that ideas and systems make no difference, that all is relative, that good intentions are enough. If the cold war endures without military mishap and indefinitely, then the force of opposite moral ideas will become increasingly important. The destruction of the Iron Curtain is the first condition for this interaction of ideas, but the destruction of our own Emotional Curtain of suspicion and of fear is the second. As long as both sides hide from the level of reason, we shall be in constant peril — even if neither side wanted mutual destruction, but had no way of communicating with the other, the unreasonable would inevitably happen.

BUT EVEN if these curtains are heaved up and rational communication is opened, what shall the liberal intellectual of America say to the world? He is not a salesman. He is not a public-relations man. He is not a mouther of virtuous phrases, nor a cataloguer of the excellences of his own people. His task is to grasp the lines of the emerging interacting consciousness of mankind. The pivot of all future development, the arrowhead of advance, is what happens in men's individual consciousness, a consciousness increasingly informed by currents from all around the world, a consciousness increasingly in communion with that of other men. East and West will disintegrate; humanity will emerge. This is the long-term struggle, of which the present is the springtime.

The development of rational consciousness, among individuals and in the world as a whole, is the line of advance. Beyond emotions, beyond prejudices, beyond reflexes, lie intelligent self-possession and integrity of will. The liberal intellectual in America must open the way to this advance first among his own people, then the peoples of the non-committed world, and the peoples of the hostile world. He must understand what it is about American business that has given the lie to Marxian analysis and robbed that analysis of the fulfillment of its predictions in America, and indeed in Western Europe. He must also grasp the intellectual-moral change that comes over the general populace of those nations that move from an agrarian to an urban culture, its contributions to the human spirit as well as its penalties. He must grasp the ill effects of the welfare state, as of big business, upon the human spirit, and devise checks and balances there as elsewhere. He must cease thinking in the vaguely Socialist forms of the last seventy years, and the vaguely Utopian forms of the modern centuries, as if the contentment of the greatest number and not the development of rational consciousness were the goal of civilization. New energies of spirit are needed in our generation, new means of liberating intelligence and courage.

The liberal intellectual, then, must learn to criticize himself, to widen his sense of values by engaging himself in the not perfect but actual American culture, and to open a way for the American people to a fuller taking possession of the possibilities of the present for the human spirit. He cannot communicate with the people by scoring what the people hold dear, nor by repeating presuppositions the people do not share and cannot understand without teachers possessing empathy and infinite care. If the liberal doubted himself, saw the ambiguities in much that he has cherished, admitted his mistakes, ceased thinking of others as merely unenlightened, he would be much more ready for leadership to rational world order. The fusion of the ideals of the people with the ideals of the liberal intellectuals, and perhaps of genuine religious traditions with the traditions of the Enlightenment, would create a cultural force of great power. It might be sufficient to drive the overlords of falsehood from Madison Avenue and Hollywood for good, and free the genius of America for its worldwide tasks.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Water and Despotism

LAND, WOOD AND WATER. By Senator Robert S. Kerr. Fleet Publishing Corp. 380 pp. $4.95.
WATER SUPPLY. By Jack Hirshleifer, James C. De Haven and Jerome W. Milliman. University of Chicago Press. 378 pp. $7.50.
POLITICS AND GRASS. By Philip O. Foss. University of Washington Press. 236 pp. $4.50.
NEW WATER FOR A THIRSTY WORLD. By Michael Salzman. Science Foundation Press. 210 pp. $5.95.

David Cort

MANY DESPOTISMS, according to some historians, have developed out of control of the water supply (see Karl A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism*, 1957). One can speculate further that the battle for the oasis comprised most of prehistory. American freedom is based in part on the cheapness and abundance of water. But the news is that we are running short of that element, and a gleam has entered the potential despots' eyes. That is the theme, sometimes unknowingly, of all four of these books.

The story of violence begins in the book by Senator Kerr of Oklahoma; it is a work dressed in *Reader's Digest* style by Malvine Stephenson and Tris Coffin (their names appear with the Senator's on the title page but not on the cover). The grand stupidity of the hopeless determination in the 1920s to control the raging Mississippi with levees alone is described again — and Herbert Hoover bobs up again on the wrong side, the infallible engineer. The Senator, of course, is on the right side — a network of small dams on the tributaries. But the Maginot Line theory for taming an angry river persisted for some years.

Senator Kerr gives the land area of the United States as 1,900,000 square miles, when it was 3,000,000 (before Alaska and Hawaii). This might be forgivable from anyone else, but not from a U.S. Senator: it is as if he does not know what he is a Senator of. In every second chapter Senator Kerr (via his writers) shyly drapes a wreath on his own forehead, then another and another, until one wonders how he can still stand up under the weight of the awesome modesty plus the wreaths.

He works up to "The Kerr Plan," which is simply to persuade all the agencies concerned with the basins of the Arkansas, White and Red Rivers to sit together on an Inter-Agency Committee and publish a report. This has opened the way for various projects, some undoubtedly useful, some probably pork-barrel, and for a Senate committee on national water problems whose chairman, Senator Kerr, promises a report in January. Well, let's wait for the report.

THE SECOND book, *Water Supply*, really knows what it is talking about. The authors point out that Kerr's beloved reservoirs evaporate vast quantities of water, and that this water may never fall again on land. Evaporation rates in the United States range from 15 inches to, in the Southwest, 130 inches a year. Lake Mead, behind Boulder Dam, loses by evaporation 800,000 acre feet a year. Thinking like bankers, the authors prefer the water underground until it is needed. The porous or creviced underground strata, called "aquifers," greatly complicate so-called "water rights." The authors are skeptical of the value of many plants, especially the phreatophytes (those with deep roots), which trap water only to transpire it back into the air.

Allowing for the industrial re-use of water, they figure that production of a ton of finished steel could involve the loss of only 1,400 gallons of water, as against Kerr's 65,000 gallons, and a ton of butadiene (synthetic rubber), 26,000 gallons against Kerr's 600,000 gallons. With such economies in mind, they say: "We have . . . not attempted . . . to predict what the supplies and uses will or should be in 1980, 2000 or 2200. We regard such forecasts, commonly based upon crude extrapolations of recent aggregate trends, as usually mistaken and even dangerous. The forecasts are typically mistaken because they ignore the factor of . . . erroneous public policies that will not be easy to maintain in the face of growing real cost of water."

But such optimism, based on faith in free market competition, runs head-on into the growing despotism, executive, legislative, or judicial. Local politicians want to give their own voters water to waste (as two studies in this book demonstrate for New York City and Southern California) and reject the most obvious economies.

A reasonable allocation of water should, these economists say, be based on the marginal values in use — that is, the value of the last units used. The first value of water is obviously as a drink, but people can drink only so much; the second use may be for agriculture, but that too has a limit; and so on down the line. An intelligent society gets all the values it can, within reason in each value. But this philosophy of water is at odds with most government action, which accepts each declared "need" as an absolute, not recognizing it as only a relative "desire." On the insatiable need basis, I could argue that I need all the water in the watershed for my own personal use, and you could argue the same.

Water Supply adopts a novel skepticism toward many reclamation projects. The benefits, it is suggested, of irrigation projects in the basins of the Missouri and Upper Colorado Rivers can never equal the public expenditure, totaling in these cases more than $3 billion. As for the Chief Joseph Dam Project in Washington State, the authors quote an authority as estimating the national subsidy per farm in that area at about $22,000 — certainly a lot for the rest of us to contribute to one family. The bookkeeping approach to water may seem cold to some tastes, including mine, but it earns respectful consideration.

Coldness stops when the book comes to the law of water. The states, in more than half the area of the country, claim to own all the water. The authors ask whether the language used in these statutes "is an innocuous form of words to indicate that the state has an interest in water-resource development or whether the language actually means what (in extreme cases) it says. . . . That there are defects in present systems of private water rights is very clear; but to abolish property rights rather than cure the defects is a drastic and, we believe, unwise remedy." The despotisms are under way.

The federal government has also cut into the water game, and some crucial cases are now going through the courts. Indian reservations (with no Indians) give the government a handle to claim limitless water for "ultimate development." "Navigation," elastically defined, gives federal authorities still another gimmick to claim any water that can float anything bigger than a duck. And so on. It does not look good for just ordinary citizens or, as I like to call

DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor.

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them, the sovereign power. Water will soon be a more powerful lever to power than even national defense; and the politicians are catching the heady scent.

THE THIRD book, *Politics and Grass*, was so painful that I could not read it thoroughly. It is the tragic story of why a quarter of America has been left a desert by the Western stockmen who, as "advisory boards" in control of the open, public range, have thwarted Roosevelt's attempt to save the plains. One also begins to understand why the plateau states, instead of breeding a free, adventurous, pioneering race, generally vote for black reaction and "to have and to hold." But of course: they too are getting something for nothing. One can only wish all these clever little cowboys a good night's sleep. Though the tone of the book is pedantically factual, it should be read only by people who do not mind getting mad and disgusted.

The fourth book, *New Water for a Thirsty World*, takes a biochemist's approach to oxygen and hydrogen and proposes that the crust of the earth is constantly combining those elements as *new* water and secreting it. It also asserts that if this process were not going on, the break-up of H_2O molecules by such operations as photosynthesis would long ago have emptied all the oceans. I do not feel competent to discuss either of these propositions, which have evidently been rejected by almost all the schools. But I am not so naive as the professors; I would not presume to dismiss Michael Salzman's evidence that there is good water down under layers of hard rock, where it is not supposed to be. The writer has gone far to justify his title, and the ignorance of scientists is nothing to surprise or dismay anyone.

My objection to this book is perverse: the people who now refuse to look at Mr. Salzman's proofs (mostly the work of Stephan Reiss) are exactly those who, a little later, will make use of his solution to evade all the other solutions. For the new, or "juvenile," water can be only a partial solution. The curse of man is that nature again and again gives him something for nothing, like Reiss's new water; and suddenly he is spoiled, like an apple that is spoiled.

All truly great issues, like water, reach honest men as a confusion of hatreds. In much the way that I once hated both Fascists and Communists, and indeed still do, in this matter of water, my rage goes out in all directions, and my pity for the posterity. People read fiction nowadays to feel miserable, but they do not need to. These books will make them feel much lousier.

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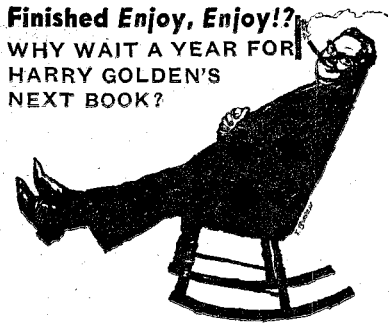

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To Pierce the Dark Mind

THE SENATE SPEECHES OF W. B. YEATS. Edited by Donald R. Pearce. Indiana University Press. 183 pp. $4.50.

Vivian Mercier

THIS handsome little book would make a fine Christmas present for any legislator who thinks poets do not belong in politics — or for any poet foolish enough to agree with him. Professor Pearce remarks in his introduction: "It is necessary to go back 300 years, to Milton himself, for a like instance of a great imaginative man comparably involved in the political affairs of his country. . . ." That may be true as regards Anglo-Saxon countries, but what about Victor Hugo and Goethe, for example? As Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out, twentieth-century Ireland is too poor a country to afford stupidity in her politicians. The same holds for other small countries, but it is also true that most of the great powers, with the exception of Britain and the United States, have shown little fear of putting their intellectuals and creative artists to work in all three branches of government.

Admittedly, Yeats was not elected to office, and his six-year appointment (1922-28) to the Irish Free State Senate took place during what was still a revolutionary period. He therefore did not have to please the Irish electorate, whom his Senate speech on divorce must have bitterly antagonized. However, even if we regard the world of arts and letters as his true constituency, he deserved well not only of his constituents but of the Irish people as a whole. For instance, in defeating amendments that sought to restrict Irish copyright to books printed in Ireland, he twice showed a mastery of the facts and of the common-sense arguments against such measures that no lawyer could have bettered. One senator acknowledged: "I had every wish to vote in favor of the amendment, but I must confess that after hearing Senator Yeats I have been completely changed in my opinion." Other areas in which Yeats made a direct personal contribution to the future of his newly liberated country included education in general; the fostering of museums, galleries and art schools; the recovery from Britain of Sir Hugh Lane's bequest of paintings; the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Irish Manuscripts; and, above all, his chairmanship of the committee appointed to choose a new Irish coinage.

Yeats's long-range strategy in the matter of the Lane pictures — to leave a room empty in the Dublin Municipal Gallery until its silent reproach embarrassed the British Government into relinquishing the disputed paintings — has finally borne fruit within the past year or so. While it is apparently true that the Irish Government never acted upon the report of the Irish (i.e., Gaelic) Manuscripts Committee, practically all of its recommendations have since been implemented piecemeal. As for the Irish coinage, Yeats not only worked out a model procedure for obtaining good designs, but carried it through to the conclusion of a singularly handsome set of coins, happily still in circulation. These are reproduced in a photograph, and also supply the motifs for a number of black-and-white decorations which add charm to the book.

THE poet's report of the coinage committee's proceedings, printed as an appendix by Professor Pearce, reveals a unique combination of high artistic standards and shrewd practicality:

> But how should the Government choose its artists? What advice should we give? It should reject a competition open to everybody. No good artist would spend day after day designing, and perhaps get nothing by it. There should be but a few competitors, and whether a man's work were chosen or not he should be paid something, and he should know, that he might have some guarantee of our intelligence, against whom he competed.

This report, lucid and dryly humorous, is worth the price of the book.

If Yeats had much to offer Irish politics and politicians, they in turn made some contribution to his poetry. The famous speech advocating Protestant views on divorce contained the germs of two poems: "The Three Monuments" (about the private lives of Horatio Nelson, Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell) and Part III of "The Tower," especially the passage beginning, "The people of Burke and of Grattan. . . ." A whole series of speeches on the School Attendance Bill of 1925-26 illuminate "Among School Children," one of the truly great poems written in those senatorial years, in which he describes himself as "A sixty-year-old smiling public

VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York. He has recently completed The Irish Comic Tradition.

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man." (It is a faint, ironical smile that flits over the lips of the poet in the photograph reproduced in this book.)

As a specialist in contemporary Irish literature, I must concede that Professor Pearce has brought off a scoop — a real one, not a mere footnote to the poet's biography. I had read the debate on divorce in the official Senate reports, but the remainder of the fifty-five items here culled from those reports were quite unknown to me. His five appendices are all of value too: Senator Oliver St. John Gogarty's motion of congratulation on Yeats's winning of the Nobel Prize for literature, the wonderful coinage report, and three articles from periodicals which deal with divorce, censorship and "The Child and the State" ("Among School Children" again). The footnotes are generally accurate and necessary but contain one real howler. If one were to believe the note on "Kilmainham," the Irish legislators would seem a bunch of comic Paddies, anxious to carry on their deliberations in a jail. It was not the prison at Kilmainham, but the Royal Hospital there — Dublin's finest seventeenth-century building—which they considered using as a parliament house.

Professor Pearce inevitably mentions Yeats's famous advice to Ezra Pound that he never become a senator of his country, but supplies as well Pound's less familiar answer from the *Pisan Cantos*:

> If a man don't occasionally sit in a senate
> how can he pierce the darrk mind of a senator?

Yeats's Senate years certainly gave him insight into minds that previously had held only darkness for him, kept his feet firmly on the ground while he was writing *A Vision*, and helped give his later poetry "the syntax of passionate speech." But they also confirmed the taste for oligarchy which — rather than a yearning toward fascism — colored his political views in his last years. The conservative Anglo-Irish lawyers, distillers, bankers and landlords with whom he voted in the Senate, and whom he sometimes cajoled or persuaded into understanding an artist's viewpoint, played their part in shaping his vision of an ideal ruling class. In all fairness we should allow that his views and theirs were closer to Hamilton's or even to Jefferson's than they were to Mussolini's.

The Audacious Bourgeois

LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD. Selected and edited by Ernst L. Freud. Translated by Tania and James Stern. Basic Books. 470 pp. $7.50.

George Steiner

THERE is in greatness a consistency of style. Those virtues which mark Freud's genius — his manifold curiosity, his swiftness of judgment, his tenacity — are exhibited throughout his letters, though in a minor, private key. Of the four thousand letters extant, Ernst Freud has chosen three hundred and fifteen. They span nearly the entire range of his father's life, from the rather stilted account of a seventeen-year-old student facing exams to the notes of an aged, ailing exile waiting for death. The largest group are the letters of the young Freud to his fiancée, Martha Bernays, during the four years of their engagement. Elsewhere there are letters to Thomas Mann, to Einstein and to Freud's first disciples and subsequent rivals in psychoanalysis.

It is striking how early Freud developed the traits and habits of feeling distinctive of his later work. Already in 1882, the young Viennese neuropsychiatrist defined what was to be his lifelong attitude to Judaism: "This is what I believe: even if the form wherein the old Jews were happy no longer offers us any shelter, something of the core, of the essence of this meaningful and life-affirming Judaism will not be absent from our home." In the unknown beginner, we hear the serene, nearly arrogant conviction of the great explorer of ideas: he declares that he cannot hide his "thoughts and opinions — in short, the truth." And from the start we come upon what is, perhaps, the central paradox in Freud's life, the contrast between the bourgeois, rather stuffy sobriety of his tastes and habits, and the radical audacity of his doctrines. His image of an ideal home is purest Victoriana:

> Tables and chairs, beds, mirrors, a clock to remind the happy couple of the passage of time, an armchair for an hour's pleasant daydreaming, carpets to help the housewife keep the floors clean, linen tied with pretty ribbons in the cupboard . . . hats with artificial flowers . . . glasses for every-

GEORGE STEINER, a free-lance writer, is author of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky (Knopf).

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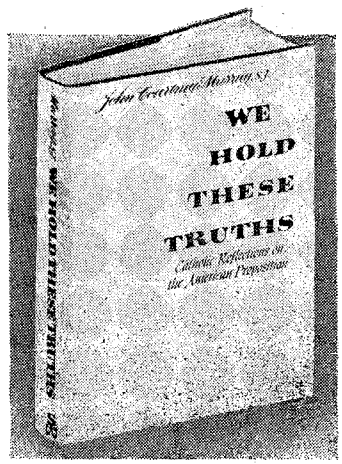

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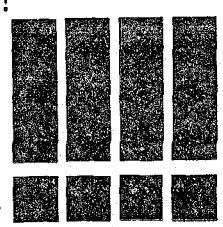

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day and others for wine and festive occasions . . . the books and the sewing table and the cosy lamp.

Yet this was the man who could state, with calm assurance, in April, 1896, "I can definitely cure hysteria and obsessional neurosis" — a statement that was to make of Freud one of the most controversial radicals of the age.

Deliberately, Ernst Freud has chosen letters which illumine his father's private life. The letters to Fliess, in which one can follow, step by step, the genesis of Freudian insight, and the professional correspondence with colleagues and adversaries can be found elsewhere. What we have here are the unguarded moments. The letters of the young lover are particularly revealing: there is in them a streak of paternalism, nearly, one might say, of bullying; but it is redeemed by a passionate candor. Even in moments of most intimate grief, Freud retained a Mosaic severity: writing to his mother about the death of his second daughter, Sophie, Freud concludes: "Tragedy after all has to be accepted. But to mourn this splendid, vital girl who was so happy with her husband and children is of course permissible."

The acceptance of tragedy enabled Freud to endure his long illness and the flight from his home in 1938. When he arrived in London, many other refugees turned to him for help or guidance. Freud's answer, in an instance where the applicant presumed upon his role of refugee, is characteristic of the whole man: "It is only natural that we should try to help one another in these times. But I believe that if in doing so we don't keep to the truth we shall soon lose all credit." Like everything Freud wrote, these letters are a primer of integrity.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IF I HAD to explain to a foreign visitor one of the most grievous defects of the American theatre I should say: "You see, Monsieur, our 'big' public — the one that pays the high prices to see our appallingly costly productions (and even productions which look modest are costly) — this public does not as a rule care for old plays. I refer not only to Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan or Goldsmith, but to Shaw, Chekhov, Wilde and O'Neill. This public does not care for such plays simply because they are old: there is no 'story' in them, no news value. In order to see plays by the authors we loosely label 'classics,' one has to go to a special — usually a tiny — theatre where, because of the extremely limited means at the producer's disposal, young actors do their very best to cope with the difficult material. For the better the play, the knottier the problems it poses for the director and his company.

"When I was a young man an admirable producer, Arthur Hopkins, offered a whole cycle of Ibsen plays on Broadway with Nazimova, Lionel Atwill, Roland Young (settings by Robert Edmond Jones). Some years later an enterprising organization produced *Hedda Gabler* with Emily Stevens, Dudley Digges, Louis Calhern — every one of them of star stature. But in those days the cost of production was not high, the price of tickets was moderate. In the late twenties Eva Le Gallienne at her Civic Repertory Theatre on 14th Street presented Chekhov and Ibsen to large audiences for $1.50 the orchestra seat. (But that was a privately subsidized theatre.) Today Chekhov and Ibsen are usually played in a theatre of 199 seats, earnestly directed and sincerely acted, but without the full equipment of background, maturity and scope of talent to do justice to these masters. But since they are masters, and since the public which has retained an appetite for plays of substance still exists, these productions, for all their artistic inadequacies, are sometimes hailed as high points of theatrical art — and no decent person is disposed to deny it. For if we rejected such honorable efforts in the off-Broadway areas we should have to go without any reminder at all of what the best dramatists of the past had to say."

SO Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* (4th Street Theatre) is rediscovered. Many people who have spoken or written about this production give the impression that they have neither seen nor read the play before; or if they had, regarded it as one of those classics which it was better to talk about than to know.

I have seen four previous productions of *Hedda* — the three just referred to — and one in France. Two seasons ago I had occasion to use *Hedda Gabler* as a kind of text for a lecture I gave on Chekhov and Ibsen. Rereading it, I realized once again that though, subjectively speaking, I prefer Chekhov, *Hedda* is indeed a masterpiece and still a play to be treasured not merely as a "model" but as a living work of art.

I need not emphasize the perfection of its construction, which breaks down

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at only one point: in the last act where Ibsen's need to preserve the unity of time makes him pack too many psychological metamorphoses into too brief a section of the play. Nor are we aided to appreciate the play by viewing Hedda herself as an evil woman, a horrendous *femme fatale*, a freak like the "vampires" of stage and screen in the era of Theda Bara.

NAZIMOVA played Hedda that way—and I remember that John Corbin, who was then critic of *The New York Times*, condemned her for it. He was right. Hedda is, at bottom, an "ordinary" woman. She is afraid to combat the conventions of her class and her environment. She will not break any rules. The descendant of what must have been a sort of military aristocracy now deprived of its privileges, money and status, she cannot abide the mediocrity of middle-class life in a tight community. Yet she will not marry an outcast intellectual to whom she is strongly attracted and perhaps even loves. She is jealous of an old schoolmate, an innocent nincompoop (according to Hedda), but a woman who through love is able to escape the bonds of her social position.

Hedda does the only thing left for her to do: she marries into a respectable milieu to which she considers herself superior by virtue of her heritage and "temperament." Like so many middle-class women, she hopes that her husband's stock will rise — either by his becoming more affluent or by achieving a "name" — and thus render her life more tolerable. She wants to be a successfully normal woman, comfortably safe with attributes of glamour and dash. On no account will she be "had" (lose her "independence") either by becoming a mother or some man's mistress. As a result, she is warped. Whatever is superior in her — that is, humanly lively (for in no other way does Ibsen portray her as superior) — becomes destructive through her self-enforced conformism. But the point that one must forever bear in mind is that Hedda is not by nature demonic. She is, as I have said, ordinary, almost representative.

The play then is the tragedy of the nineteenth-century bourgeoise. Her equivalent is still with us. Even if we cannot see the correspondence between Hedda and many women we know today — despite their "emancipation" — the play embodies the truth that healthy impulses, thwarted either by lack of social encouragement or by lack of personal resoluteness, will ultimately grow either flabby or nihilistic.

Flaubert said, "I am Madame Bovary." He meant that though he was a romantic at heart, he felt historically obliged to tame his yearning for grandeur, color and eloquence so that he might serve the ends of the strictly realistic, anti-heroic novel. Somewhat similarly, Ibsen was a Hedda Gabler, compressing his passion to the manner and themes of the middle-class theatre. His last play — *When We Dead Awaken* — tells us that the man who sacrifices his affective life for "art" or a like ambition — it is "business" in *John Gabriel Borkman* — becomes a monster whose works will inevitably reveal the deformed nature of their origin. But the force of Ibsen's passion and its compression in the narrow mold of the realistic stage gives his plays at their best an elevation, an intensity, a symbolic sweep and extension that break through the grayness of their caution and logic.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ROSSELLINI'S new picture, *General della Rovere*, with Vittorio de Sica in the title role, is a first-class presentation of second-class material. If I outlined the plot, you would curl your lip, but the image and impact of the film from scene to scene is compelling and often tormenting.

The locale is Genoa under the German occupation — Rossellini country — and de Sica plays a sensitive blackguard, a type he can always make exciting with wry details and the shadowy flight of emotions over his impassive, too-handsome face.

In the early scenes, de Sica picks his dapper, desperate way through the ruins of Genoa (the production companies must by now be put to the expense of constructing their marvelously photogenic bombed areas), running a black-market operation in human lives. For 100 per cent commission, he buys Italian patriots back from the venal Germans; but, being a compulsive gambler, he often loses the money entrusted to him and then must work a bucket shop system of financing one deal with the next deal's capital. A wretched business, with the German labor camps in the background, and de Sica plays it in a weak cold sweat that is both appalling and moving.

Quite soon, though, the enterprise blows up and the fixer runs afoul of Colonel Mueller, a Nazi police officer, who offers him money and freedom to impersonate a certain General della

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Rovere whom the Germans wish to pretend they have captured alive for purposes of counter-espionage. The prison scenes are tautly played — tiny men in the huge, hollow, echoing iron well-shaft of one of those European prisons that look like a paralyzed railway terminus. But the picture loses conviction as it swings toward melodrama and its tritely noble ending.

Colonel Mueller angered me. He is played (and excellently played by Hannes Messemer) as a "good cop," who does his job however distasteful it may be. In this case the job requires beating prisoners to death for refusing to divulge information and gives Mueller occasion to ask, when shown a list drawn up for retaliatory execution, "Why are there not more Jews?" I know that time heals all wounds, but twenty years is not long enough to heal this sort of obscenity, and I resist being asked to appreciate Colonel Mueller's fastidious distaste for his job.

As always, Rossellini's passing scene is strongly drawn, elegantly controlled and filmed in rough texture under leaden skies. The passers-by in his pictures, even the cats in the gutters, have more individual vitality than the principals in many of the movies we see.

INGMAR BERGMAN'S *The Virgin Spring* is an indulgence by a director who has perhaps earned the right to indulge himself. Bergman is attracted by the juxtaposition of childlike piety and jaw-dripping violence, and here he carries the combination as far as it can go. The story is a simple legend, suitable for weaving in tapestry; the particulars are horrible enough — and explicit enough — to illustrate a documentary on criminal pathology. Taste on the screen, as on the stage, is largely a matter of consistency — you can do almost anything if the context is right. The Middle Ages were quite probably crawling with superstition and howling for blood and maidens, and I would not criticize Bergman for trying to fancy what it must have been like. But in that case he should have conceived a story more in key with the lusts of men than with the bright threads of petit point. Magic springs and enchanted woods do not provide the right atmosphere for the smell of burning flesh and the moans of sex murder.

The Ships Are Made Ready in Silence

Moored to the same ring:
The hour, the darkness and I,
Our compasses hooded like falcons.

Now the memory of you comes aching in
With a wash of broken bits which never left port,
In which once we planned voyages.
They come knocking like hearts asking:
What departures on this tide?

Breath of land, warm breath,
You tighten the cold around the navel,
Though all shores but the first have been foreign,
And the first was not home until left behind.

Our choice is ours but we have not made it,
Containing, as it does, our destination
Circled with loss as with coral, and
A destination only until attained.

I have left you my hope to remember me by,
Though now there is little resemblance.
At this moment I could believe in no change—
The mast perpetually
Vacillating between the same constellations,
The night never withdrawing its dark virtue
From the harbor shaped as a heart,
The sea pulsing as a heart,
The sky vaulted as a heart,
Where I know the light will shatter like a cry
Above a discovery:
"'Emptiness.
Emptiness! Look!"
Look. This is the morning.

W. S. MERWIN

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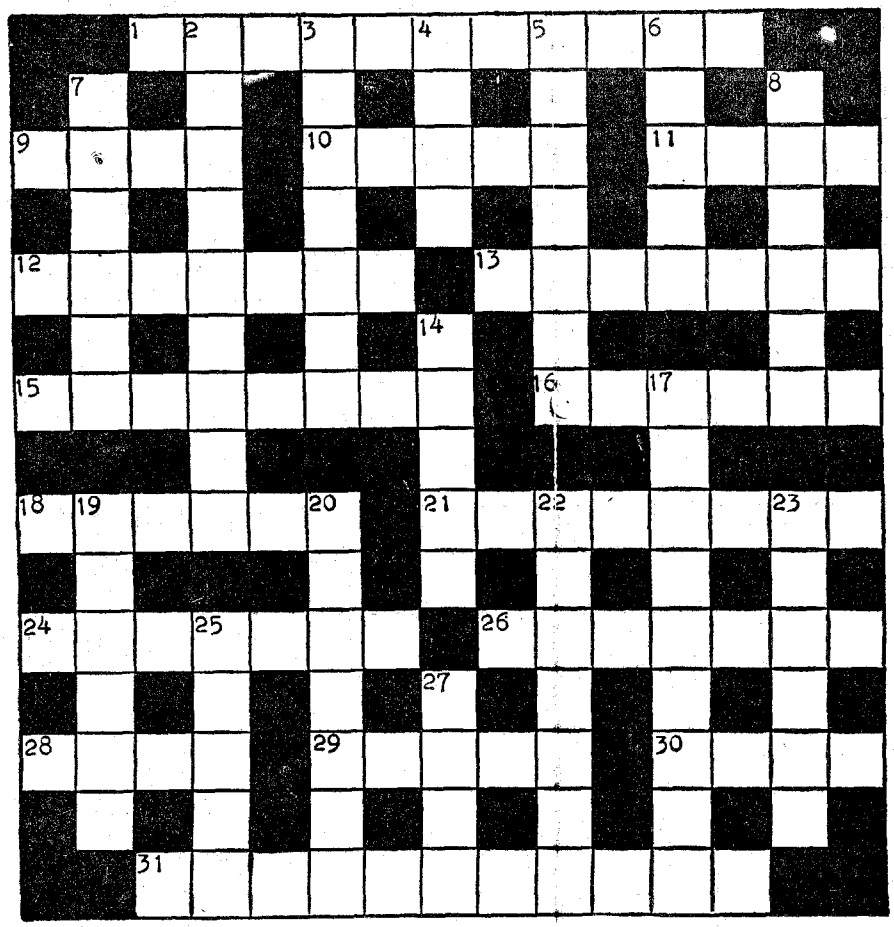
Crossword Puzzle No. 893

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Boss lumbermen? (We might be fussing at them.) (11)
9 and 11 What show-girls sometimes do to the bald-headed row where some of us wait? (3, 5)
10 and 25 down Where one gets behind the team, but a certain lack of spirit is implied. (2, 3, 5)
12 These might be called for, since the binding business hinges on them. (7)
13 Hoover's boys get well around a made-up story! (7)
15 Both word and tune are blended poorly, but it might pull you out. (8)
16 You might get a lift out of Elmer, perhaps. (6)
18 Not so much covering as to bare our lack of knowledge at times? (6)
21 Is the function of the ring to be so charming? (8)
24 One's account might be descriptive of the artist's pad. (5, 2)
26 Evidently no one failed to squeal completely. (3, 4)
28 Descriptive of a carpet-beetle? (4)
29 and 30 Diminishing sound similar to 10 and 25. (2, 3, 4)
31 A bad monarch is an untimely thing! (11)

DOWN:

2 Should they look well in the air-force? (9)
3 Rope ring. (7)
4 Involved in an old hair-style put up like 27. (4)
5 and 27 Certainly not a matinee idol in Tannhäuser. (7, 4)
6 What drugstore cowboys try to do with girls, by the sound of it? (It's a fact!) (5)
7 A plain village, but 14. (6)
8 Jimmy might serve as one. (6)
14 You and I are found in place of British dessert. (5)
17 Those who watch the late late show find this sort of thing slow. (5, 4)
19 Probably not a movement of the right. (6)
20 Specimens from this period would certainly make a nice zoo! (7)
22 A source of irritation might be over a long period spent in the fleet some time ago. (7)
23 They might be hung on the line, only not so shapely between two poles. (6)
25 See 10 across
27 See 5 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 892

ACROSS: 1 Carpet sweeper; 10 Anvil; 11 Rheumatic; 12 Hand towel; 13 Terse; 19 Obsolescence; 22 Dregs; 24 Nutriment; 25 Nostalgic; 26 Inert; 27 Trial balances. DOWN: 2 Advent; 3 Political; 4 Throw rugs; 5 Wheel; 6 Emmet; 7 Enthrone; 8 Lathe; 9 Accedes; 15 Identical; 16 Tactician; 17 and 14 Nodding acquaintance; 18 Assessor; 20 Revere; 21 State; 23 Scapa; 24 Negeb.

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> "No matter what you may think of it, no matter what I think of it—Cuba's voice is a voice that must be heard in the United States of America. It must be heard because the United States is too powerful, its responsibilities to the world and to itself are too great, for its people not to be able to listen to every voice of the hungry world.
>
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